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The Real Meaning of Æsthetics.

BY PROF. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, A. M.

(CONCLUSION.)

IV.

True æsthetics is the seeking of beauty in the life around us. A Turkish writer has said: "If I had two loaves of bread, I would give one for a hyacinth, for the hyacinth would feed my soul." There is a great deal in that. Who that has watched the bulb of the hyacinth in its glass, at first a mere brown, clod-like thing, change, like a buried body, at the Resurrection, to a being replete with life and beauty and perfume, does not feel that it is worth some self-denial? The creature who would not do without some luxury to buy a great book, to read a great poem, to see a fine picture, to hear the organ throb or the voice of the violin pulsate under the force of genius is nothing but a Philistine, half a barbarian, for his best faculties are paralyzed.

Æsthetics ought to be a part of our lives. It is a part of the every-day life of the Christian Church. The Church has drawn to her service the great masters of æsthetics in all ages. She made Raphael and Murillo possible. Botticelli and Fra Angelico could not have existed without her. She created the music of Palestrina, inspired Mozart and forced Haydn to join her choirs. Her ancient stained glass is the despair of modern artists. The carving in wood in her old cathedrals the unapproachable models for carvers of the present day. Jewels, lace, flowers were drawn to her shrines. These sham æsthetes may praise paganism and make pæans in its honor, but true æstheticism is essentially Christian.

Education without æsthetics is like a sonnet without metre,—a peach without bloom,—a thrush without a voice,—a woman without gentle manners. Æsthetics does not consist of the painting of a bunch of golden rod or a sumach leaf on every available spot. The young woman who in search of new worlds to conquer painted a pansy on her father's bald head while he was asleep made a mistake. She probably found it out when he awoke. It consists in using and seeking to use the gifts God has bestowed on us in order to make our lives and the lives of our neighbors more pleasant and beautiful; it teaches us to value the little pleasure of life; it helps to put sweetness and light into dark and gloomy days. I use sweetness and light not because Matthew Arnold used them, but because when used by a great theologian, centuries before Arnold was born, they expressed what I mean.

To be an æsthete in the common meaning of the word is to be a fool. It is to love art because it is fashionable; or rather to pretend to love it. Not long ago, every second house showed a spinning-wheel in its parlor decorated with orange, pink, or blue bows of ribbons. Why was the old-fashioned spinning-wheel given such prominence? Not because it is beautiful; not because it is old and the property of a mother or grandmother; for these spinning-wheels are made by the hundred in the furniture factories, but because it suddenly became fashionable to have American ancestors. And the spinning-wheels and grandfathers' clocks, bought by the dozen in old farm houses or made to order, were put for show in conspicuous and inappropriate places. Now this was false æsthetics. It was all sham. If I have an old cup, an old table, an old sideboard which belonged to my grandmother, it is right that I should value it, no

matter how ugly it is. But if I buy an old thing, not because it is beautiful, but because it is fashionable to have it, I become part of a sham. To buy an old and beautiful thing is commendable; but if I buy it because it is fashionable, not caring whether it be beautiful or not, I fall below the level of good taste.

The rich man who comes from Europe bringing with him a miscellaneous collection of things which he has purchased for the reason that he has been told that they are fine, and for another reason—that they are dear,—is a pitiable object. In his pretence and ignorance he reminds one of the old Irish adage: "A well-dressed man without education is like a *boneen* with a jewel in his ear." A *boneen*, my friends, is a little pig; perhaps you know it in French as *cochon*. Riches cannot buy culture when the fine instinct does not exist; nor can they obtain true æsthetics through old clocks made last year in New Jersey, or somebody else's old spinning-wheels.

To be "æsthetic," in the true sense, one must be honest and sincere; not afraid to confess that one likes a simple and common thing, and not afraid to give one's reasons for such a liking. For myself, I have been in houses which were palaces in which I was unhappy. And I have been in little houses which were anything but palaces and I have been very happy. The house which is like a museum, where a flamboyant copy of one of Rubens's Mary Magdalens jostles the Mercury of Praxitiles, where solferino-colored cushions bought at a "fancy" shop and Japanese screens, imitation armor and modern stained glass make confusion,—where a goblet carved by Cellini, a lion of Barye's and a tambourine painted with sunflowers repose side by side near the inevitable spinning-wheel, and where everything says: "All this cost money."—that is a vulgar house.

There are probably more rich savages in America than anywhere else, for the reason that many of our rich people have not yet learned that one of the greatest privileges wealth gives them is that of exercising good taste to the utmost. A rich woman can afford to be elegant and simple. But too often she does not understand this. She glitters with diamonds in the morning and walks in the streets in gowns that, in Europe, no decent woman would wear unless she rode in a carriage. But this will be changed when we become more civilized; when we learn that the possession of riches does not make people worthy of respect and admiration, but that they must deserve it in other ways.

With your advantages of home training and the incomparable training you receive here, you

will be in a position, when you enter the world, to distinguish between the true and the false æsthetics.

In order to make a good confession, one must have committed sin. In order to acquire good taste, one must know what bad taste is. It is bad taste to prefer costliness to elegance,—to imagine that costly things are always elegant. It is bad taste to admire things because they are fashionable without knowing why. As perhaps you discovered from my last lecture, I am not an authority on the subject of ladies' dress, but I do know that no young lady with a tip-tilted *retroussé*,—or, let us put it more gently,—a snub nose should wear a Grecian knot. Why? Because this fashion of wearing the hair was invented by the Greeks, a people who were more particular about the form and the fitness of things than even the French, who are the real modern Greeks in spirit. You will find in the famous head of the Clytie an example of this style of hair-dressing now so fashionable. You will observe, however, that she has not a nose "tip-tilted like a flower." The Grecian knot was invented to accompany the Grecian nose. And the young lady with a Roman or a *retroussé* nose who adopts the Grecian knot because it is the fashion errs against perfect taste. For the æsthetics of dress are worth considering if you consider dress at all. And even in small things it is best to be correct.

V.

It is bad taste, when you are permitted to hear good singing, to admire and to think of the costumes of the *prima donna*, or at a fine play to consider the question whether the actress's dresses are by Worth, or not, as of as much importance as her delivery of the words. It seems to me to be bad taste not to choose religious pictures and statues with some regard to the rules of art. It is a large part of the pretentious æsthetics of our time to dwell more on the effect than on the cause,—to think more of the attitude of the *Mater Dolorosa* of Carlo Dolce than of the ineffable woe her face expresses,—to rave about the opaline color of Fra Angelico's angels and to think nothing of the fervent religious spirit which created them. But some of us Catholics are prone to go to the other extreme. The gaudiest religious print is good enough for us. And while we revere unspeakably the Passion of Our Lord, we keep in our oratories crucifixes whose workmanship the most untutored Tyrolean peasant would not tolerate. I have seen pictures of Our Blessed Lady which were positively sacrilegious. While we would not

endure for a moment in our parlors a picture of Washington with a magenta coat and a green hat, and a figure out of drawing, we contentedly put a figure of St. Joseph painted in the crudest and most vulgar manner in our oratories. And this in spite of the fact that we possess a thousand exquisite and poetical conceptions,—that all the power of the genius of the most artistic age of the world has burst forth in praise of Christ, His Mother and the Saints. While the “æsthetes” buy our old altar pieces for seemingly fabulous amounts of money, while their drawing-rooms and studies are filled with copies of Botticelli, Raphael, Guido, and Overbeck, we are content with wretched prints and statues which make the judicious grieve. There is one woman in all this land who has, in spite of the vulgarity and ignorance around her, preached ardently the æsthetics of religion.

This is Miss Eliza Allen Starr. Her name deserves reverence.

There are many houses throughout this country where true æstheticism is understood; where serenity and peace dwell; where the spirit of beauty is cultivated; where the inmates have learned that costliness is not the measure of enjoyment. These are not generally the homes of the rich, nor the homes of the very poor. It is in the happy medium that one generally finds the truest refinement and culture. I call to mind one now. Its centre is the sitting-room of an old-fashioned house in the country. There are always good books on the centre-table. The mother and daughters know “The Following of Christ” by heart. The few pictures are copies of old painters,—good prints and photographs. On the open piano, one sees, not the “Lullaby” from Erminie or a Valse Brillante by nobody knows who, but music showing that the brain and heart have been brought into practice as well as the fingers. And the people there are content. The lily and the tulip from their garden, the daisy and the violet from their meadows yield them renewed pleasure every year. They try to have only beautiful things around them, and they succeed, though they do not search the old curiosity shops for Louis Sixteenth cabinet or Henry Second vases, and I doubt whether they know the difference between the ware of Satsuma and the ware of Limoge.

It is true that the history of each kind of pottery is in part the history of the people who made it. From that point of view it is interesting. The Wedgwood ware represents a crystallization of enduring and well-directed human effort, as you can see by reference to Samuel Smiles’ “Self-Help” and how much wonderful

and magnificent history is suggested by a carved cup of Benvenuto Cellini’s. But when people begin to make the real purposes of life subservient to decoration,—to consider the fold of Oriental drapery, the marking of a teapot as of more importance than virtuous and cheerful living, it were better for them if all the pottery in the world had suffered the fate of the great Alexandrian Library and been burned in its own kilns.

This false æsthetics is a craze. I remember a dinner at which one of the apostles of this very changeable religion was present. He was an Englishman and an Oxford man. And the humble Americans waited anxiously for him, and the poor hostess went about with red flushes on her cheeks, fearing that everything would not be up to his lordship’s expectations; for it was rumored that he once left a dinner-table because the lights were not changed with every course; and that he had no appetite unless the proper music was played while he dined. It was said that, by some mistake, the band had once indulged in a gallop during the serving of the soup. This had given him a fit of dyspepsia from which he never recovered. The house was decorated with the choicest bits of ceramic. The talk was of the most “æsthetic” kind: “Oh,” one lady said, “how intense,—how precious and utterly intense is the unwritten poetry of the unknown poet who never even murmurs the spontaneous, burning thoughts that foam within him!” I was easily embarrassed then, so I said: “Yes, ma’am”—which was not the proper thing at all. When the great æsthete came, the ladies all gathered around him. “How intense!” they said, “how quite-too utterly intense!” And one of them put a wreath of lilies on his head which hung down over his left eye. When the dinner had begun, he disappointed everybody by asking for roast beef and devouring three large slices. He shocked the hostess by saying, “when a man’s hungry, he wants something more than ambrosia and nightingale’s tongues, doesn’t he?” But the attitudinizing, the straining after effect, the insincere nonsense talked by these people while they waited for the “æsthetic” splendor to dawn, showed how hollow and worthless their sham æsthetics was.

There can be no true beauty in life unless there is goodness as a foundation for it. True æsthetics must mean serenity and cheerfulness. It is really æsthetic to make the best of everything,—to look on the bright side,—to adorn the seamy side of life with such ornaments as are near you. The old Turkish writer’s saying comes

back again: "If I had only two loaves of bread, I would exchange one for a hyacinth."

The highest authority says that we cannot live by bread alone. And again: "Look at the lilies of the field." We cannot neglect the beauty of common things without losing much that is good in life. If we want to find the loveliest example of a household frugal, simple, contented, serene, let us glance back at that of Nazareth. There we see the Virgin Mother—"blessed among women"—calmly, yet with joy singing in her heart, doing her household duties. The lily of the valley and the roses of Sharon bloom around her. She did not live amid Persian stuffs, or the jewels of Solomon, or ancient and curious vases, and yet she lived the highest and most beautiful of lives.

The æsthetics of literature does not mean what this new school would have us believe. We shall not find beauty and consolation in authors whose only merit is the refining of trifles or the deification of pagan vice. Swinburne and Rossetti, Villers and Rabelais, Gautier and Baudelaire can only be adored by men of perverted taste. As the drinker of whiskey cannot enjoy the flavor of food or liquid less fiery, so our æsthetes, partially from perverted taste, partially from a desire to be perverted and singular, affect a liking of what no healthy-minded person can like.

The æsthetic sneer at "The Rainy Day" of Longfellow, at "The Lost Chord" of Adelaide Procter, at much of the poetry of Wordsworth, and at some of the poetry of Tennyson. They find that Sir Walter Scott is not "utter" enough; they can endure no music with a melody in it, no picture with a story in it. They pretend that a mutton chop eaten from an ordinary plate is hateful to them. And I have never believed that. But let us be content to know what the science and art of true æsthetics mean. Let us not be disturbed by these new English "fads." Let us like what we have good reason for liking. The fonder we are of our homes and our country, the more truly "æsthetic" we shall be. I can forgive the adoration of the sunflower and the field daisy because they are American flowers. Let us practise the art of æsthetics by trying to find and to point out the beauty that springs from American soil and permeates American literature. Do not let us become vulgar by waiting with open mouths and beating hearts for the latest British utterances. Until we know the beauties of our own land, let us not go abroad. If we do, we deserve to be counted among that vulgar herd who "go to Europe to complete an education never begun at home."

Musings on the Mississippi.

BY J. J. B.

I.—(CONTINUED.)

Penetrating the vista of years, the muser follows Father Hennepin from the Illinois River to St. Anthony's Falls, and the intrepid La Salle to the Gulf of Mexico. This occurs in 1681, but a few years after Father Marquette's earthly labors are o'er. Then he asks himself: in what other religion can be seen such examples of apostolic zeal and self-sacrifice as Père Marquette and the other early missionaries of the Mississippi present? Many of them were reared in luxury. The courts of Europe,—the highest positions of honor and trust were open to them; a life of ease and pleasure lay before them.

Leaving all things, spurning these honors and pleasures, bidding adieu to the allurements of wealth, rejecting, even despising everything the world holds dear, they devote their lives to the alleviation of the miseries and the salvation of the souls of benighted strangers. Their charity is as boundless as was the ambition of Napoleon; their humility as great as his pride; their zeal for souls as remarkable as his greed for power; their perseverance as wonderful as his genius; their endurance as indomitable as his will. Their motto is, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*. Their object, the salvation of souls. To attain this object, no obstacle is insurmountable. Hence, undaunted by the fear of ignominy, of suffering, or of failure, unmoved by the prospect of death by martyrdom, those brave soldiers of the cross enter these wilds to fight the battle of the Lord—to make known to barbarians the word of God and the comforts of life. Meek followers of the Crucified, they "go about doing good." Walking through the woods, they give divine lessons. Examples of every virtue, the "black gowns" are loved by the Indian.

They deny themselves bread and the comforts of life in order to feed the needy and break the Bread of Life to the famishing child of the forest. If people honor the statesman who makes great sacrifices for his country's welfare; if they love the person whose teachings make good men and women; if they admire the gallant young hero who fearlessly rushes up to the cannon's mouth for love of fatherland; if they venerate the conquering hero to whom they owe home and happiness; what should be their feelings of honor, of love, of admiration, of veneration for those men who make such unheard-of sacrifices, spend their lives in the

recesses of forests, die painful deaths, often of martyrdom, and all for the benefit of others, to save the souls of savages? They well know that the soul of the humblest savage of the forest is as precious in the sight of God as that of a king.

The beneficial influence of these early discoverers and missionaries on future generations is inestimable. That they left their "footprints on the sands of time" is evident not only from the saintly names scattered all through the Mississippi Valley, but also from the veneration in which the names of these "black gowns" are held by all classes of people. The good seed sowed by them yielded abundant fruit. It would have been more productive of good were it not for the actions of many adventurers. They are of the immortal few that were not born to die. The page in American history recording the labors of the missionaries of the Mississippi Valley is the most glorious in our annals.

Had the people of other religions but followed the example of these pious Catholic missionaries; had they always treated the aborigines with fairness, honor, uprightness, honesty, charity; had the Spaniards and others always followed the teachings of the priests who accompanied them; had the early settlers been actuated by zeal for God's honor and glory instead of by an insatiable desire for their own aggrandizement, honor and glory, the labors of these missionaries would have been more productive of good and the Indian problem, which has been the source of so much trouble in the past, would not have been so difficult of solution. A Brebœuf, a Lallemand, a Jogues, who watered with their blood the frozen wastes of the St. Lawrence had faithful disciples and imitators in many of the missionaries of the Mississippi Valley.

Chateaubriand paints the following charming picture of a later missionary of the Mississippi:

"I myself met one of these apostles of religion amid the solitudes of America. One morning, as we were slowly pursuing our course through the forests, we perceived a tall, venerable, old man with a white beard approaching us. He was dressed in a long robe, and walked with the aid of a staff, at the same time reading attentively in a book. He appeared radiantly illumined by the rising sun, which threw a beam upon him athwart the foliage of the trees.

"Fancy would fain have believed him to be Thermosiris issuing from the sacred wood of the Muses in the deserts of Upper Egypt. He proved to be a missionary of Louisiana on his way from New Orleans, returning to the country of the Illinois, where he had the superintendence of a little flock of French people and Christian savages. He accompanied us for several days; and however early we were up in the morning, we always found the aged traveller risen before us, and reading his breviary while walking in the forest. This holy man had suffered much.

He related to us many of the afflictions of his life concerning which he spoke without a murmur, still less with pleasure, but yet with serenity. Never did we behold a more placid smile than his. He frequently and aptly recited verses of Virgil and Homer, which he applied to the enchanting scenes that successively presented themselves to our view or to the thoughts with which we were engaged.

"He seemed to possess great attainments of every kind which he scarcely suffered to appear under his evangelical simplicity. Like his predecessors, the apostles, though knowing everything, he seemed to know nothing. We had one day a conversation on the subject of the French Revolution, and we felt a secret pleasure in talking of the troubles of men amid the most tranquil scenes. We were seated in a valley on the banks of a river whose name we knew not, and which for a long series of ages had poured its refreshing waters through this unknown region. On making this observation, we perceived that our aged companion was affected. His eyes filled with tears at this image of a life passed in the deserts in conferring benefits unknown to the world."

Such was the missionary of these regions. Humble follower of the Man-God, he was a pattern of every virtue. He was poor, chaste, humble, temperate, charitable. He loved God above all things and his neighbor as himself. Knowing that the disciple is not above his Master, he thought that it was not becoming that the path of the disciple should be covered with roses while that of the Master was filled with thorns and sprinkled with His own Precious Blood. Hence his mortified life. Where are those outside the Catholic Church, who, claiming to be followers of Christ, would separate themselves from such comforts to associate with ignorance, wretchedness and barbarism with the prospect of receiving for all their sacrifices the ingratitude and hatred of those for whom they are made? The true follower of Christ looks for his reward hereafter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Was Hamlet Mad?

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE CLASS OF CRITICISM.

That Hamlet was not mad seems to be the general, if not the accepted opinion. Hamlet merely feigned madness to effect a purpose—to avenge his father's death; and this could be done only in this way; for if he had not feigned madness, his purpose would have been quickly detected, and he would have paid for his rashness with his life, as he eventually did. Hamlet's speeches with Horatio are the soul of good sense; but Horatio was his friend, and was privy to his design of wreaking vengeance on his father's murderer. If Hamlet only feigned madness, does it not follow that he would have acted naturally towards Horatio, who was al-

ready the keeper of so many of his secrets that it would have been folly to attempt to play the fool with him? If he was really mad, why did he not talk and act like a madman towards Horatio, and the queen-mother whom he upbraided for her disloyalty to his father's honor, as his father had directed him to do?

No, taking all in all, Hamlet was not mad. He formed a design to kill the king, pretended that he was mad, and would have executed his design but for his blamable indecision of character. "Think well before you act," was Hamlet's rule of life. The sequel shows that he stuck to it too closely.

R. ADELSPERGER.

Shakspeare has given us a wonderful study in the character of Hamlet. It is like an inexhaustible mine of great treasures. We may take fragments from this storehouse of nature, and assay and analyze them as often as we will, there is always precious metal left in the residue that has escaped our scientific and critical analysis.

But though Hamlet is an enigma, it does not follow that he is insane, nor even does his genius partake of that character which is akin to insanity. To call him mad only the more mystifies his personality, and envelops him in a darkness so deep that even the strongest light of German students could not penetrate. That at times he feigned madness, when it best suited his purpose, we can readily see; and so well did he play the part of a madman that we can say of him in these moments with Ophelia:

"That noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

We should understand Hamlet's position as that of a cultured person amongst semi-barbarians. Had Hamlet been of the same nature as his uncle, he would have slain without further ado the murderer of his father, and we would not drop the curtain on a stage strewn with dead bodies. But the German university had made of him a metaphysician and a thinker, and then the interview with the ghost makes him a sceptic. Henceforth the world to him wears a mantle of sadness and darkness; the infamy of his mother and the villainy of his uncle make a rough sea of his sensitive soul, and the ebb and flow unfit him for action. He stumbles and stutters between enthusiasm and inactivity; on seeing his uncle at prayer he reasons with himself, and spares the murderer of his father; then in a sudden spasm he thrusts his sword through the arras and slays Polonius.

"Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which melancholy sits on brood."

J. B. MEAGHER.

The question of the real or pretended madness of Hamlet is a subject open to much discussion. Before we can ever hope to obtain an accurate knowledge of his character, or under-

stand the true nature of his insanity, if we may so call it, we must bear in mind the various circumstances of his life, and their effects upon his mind. When we first meet Hamlet, he is a fiery, energetic young man at the university of Wittenberg. He loves sports and all the exercises of a student's life. He is the idolized and only son of a loving father and mother. He inherited the old Danish quickness for action, which, when it had assimilated itself to the thoughtfulness and reflection caused by study, formed in him a brooding and indecisive disposition so fatal to him in his after life. Whilst absorbed in study and surrounded by kind companions, the summons of his father's death calls him back to Elsinore. His grief knows no limits; and had this been his only affliction, we could easily imagine that it would have soon worn away.

But another more crushing event, the source of all his woe and misery, now occurs to drive him mad. For the time had not yet come for him to lay aside his "sable" garments when "the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables" at the wedding of his mother with his uncle. His mother's incestuous act, and the consequent disgrace of his own name, preys heavily upon his mind. He falls into a kind of stupor; he reflects upon the late mysterious death of his father, and begins to suspect foul play.

The ghost in the first scene of the tragedy was not a product of a distracted brain, and moreover was not seen by him alone but by several soldiers on two previous occasions. In the fifth Scene of Act I, after the ghost has delivered his message and urged Hamlet on to immediate revenge, Hamlet foretells his future course of action. For, when speaking to Horatio, he tells him not to divulge anything of what he knew to others if he "shall think it meet to put an antic disposition on." This declaration alone shows that Hamlet intended to feign madness.

We next witness the conflict of the Danish and Christian spirit within him which thus bursts forth:

"The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite;
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Had he immediately obeyed the command of revenge enjoined him by his father's spirit, the play would have been brought suddenly to a close; but his thoughtful and dilatory nature kept him in a painful state of suspense.

Hamlet was not really mad, even though he did appear so to those about him. For who can believe that an insane man could make such speeches as the one which begins: "What a piece of work is man," or many others full of sound sense and wisdom which could be pointed out to prove the same assertion? Even Polonius himself, in Act II, Scene II, is compelled to admit that "though this be madness, yet there is method in't" which seems to be an evident defect of Hamlet's deceit.

Another proof that Hamlet was not mad is

easily seen in his cunning device to find out the guilt of the king and of testing the ghost's veracity. Such a scheme would never be conceived by a crazy man. The play had its desired effect. Hamlet is thoroughly convinced of his uncle's crime, and declares to Horatio:

"I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound."

And yet though Hamlet knows that he is entitled to revenge and is certain of the right person, still on account of his indecision he fails to muster courage enough to strike the blow. He broods and thinks but never acts. A spark of energy and strength flashes up and enables him to kill Polonius, and again the spirit of hesitation gains possession of him. Of this his father's ghost reproves and reminds him when he appears to Hamlet in his mother's closet:

"Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

Thus I might go on enumerating instance after instance in order to show that Hamlet's madness was not a reality, but feigned in a great measure, and thrust upon him by the force of circumstances, and, as he himself asserts in Act III, Scene IV:

"That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft."

T. A. GOEBEL.

* *

I cannot believe that Hamlet was mad, this, I know, is the generally accepted opinion; but I cannot conceive a man—one downright mad as Hamlet is supposed to be—who can make such pregnant replies, as the Danish prince does to Polonius in Act II, Scene II, of Shakspeare's great tragedy. Hamlet calls Polonius a fish-monger; and when the latter denies the allegation, the former answers him with "Then I would you were so honest a man."

It may be said that this is one of the subtleties of madness, which often find vent in such replies, but no one who is not far gone in insanity can say, with a show of truth, that such wisdom as "To be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of two thousand," is the raving of a madman. An insane man is characterized by a certain subtleness in acting and speaking, but his actions lack method.

Now, Hamlet is thoroughly methodical. Take as an example his instruction to the players. If a madman is capable of giving such instruction as this, it would be well for the country if there were plenty of such "lunatics." We would then have fewer madmen on the stage and lecture platform. Again, do these matchless words, breathing the fire of divine inspiration, sound like the speech of a madman:

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust?"

In Act III, Scene IV, in the interview between Hamlet and his queen-mother his replies to her

show anything but madness. When Hamlet kills Polonius, and his mother says,

"O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!"

he answers:

"A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king and marry with his brother."

When his mother says,

"What have I done, that thou durst wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?"

Her son replies:

"Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there;"

the affrighted queen asks:

"Ah! me, what act
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?"

Hamlet replies to her last question in a manner which proves the soundness of his mind. In a vivid word picture he brings before the eyes of the guilty woman, her two husbands, the living and the dead. He shows the manly beauty and goodness of his father, her first husband, and the physical ugliness and moral corruption of his uncle, her present husband. An insane man would not make such comparisons, nor reason in the calm, collected manner of the Danish Prince.

Hamlet's great failing was his want of decision. He was the possessor of many noble qualities, but his fatal indecision brought disaster on himself and others, which could have been avoided had he promptly taken steps to punish his father's murderer.

H. A. HOLDEN.

* *

We are inclined to adopt the opinion of the majority of writers on this subject. A man's sanity or insanity must be judged from his words and actions; and a careful perusal of Shakspeare's masterpiece tends only to strengthen our opinion that Hamlet, at times, possessed the peculiarities of an insane person: the deep melancholy, the animal-like cunning, the vacillating purpose, is quite evident. But cannot these characteristics mark the individual whose reason has not been impaired?

Hamlet's words and actions are not the jargon and freaks of a madman! A keen logic, a deep sense of right and wrong, and a desire to reason and reflect before acting, are manifest in all his acts and utterances. A person unsound in mind does not reason, cannot reason, as the very seat of the rational faculty is destroyed or at least diseased, he cannot judge between right and wrong, nor is he capable of mature and undisturbed reflection.

That Hamlet feigned insanity during some of the dialogues with Claudius, the queen and Ophelia, in order that he might more easily carry out his plans, is quite probable. Could Hamlet have been partially insane? Could he have had lucid intervals at times, and again

been deprived of his reason? Could his so-called insanity have been the highest form of genius?

The answers to these questions would require a more careful study of the play and its surroundings, and a more extended knowledge of medical science than we possess.

"Defend me, therefore,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

D. E. DWYER.

* * *

The question of Hamlet's sanity has given rise of late years to much hard feeling among commentators, and to no little dispute between critics. Indeed it is hard to say that the query will ever be answered to the complete satisfaction of the contending parties.

It may, therefore, seem nothing less than madness for one not deeply versed in mystic criticism to attempt to withdraw this bone of contention from the province of the critic; and yet I believe this very state of ignorance to be the best preparation for the conception of this unique character. Until men learn to accept the masterpiece as it comes from the hand of the master; until they learn to disregard the absurdities of Belleforest's, "Hamblette" and the "Amleth" of Saxo Grammaticus there will be no possible solution of the problem.

To every disinterested reader it must appear that the Hamlet of Shakspeare differs widely from the Hamlet of his critics. Hamlet, when the brush of Shakspeare touched the canvas, was a young *Englishman* who had a purpose in life. It was not so much the character of a man who had been, but rather was it that of a man who, as Shakspeare foresaw, would soon be. He suspected the fratricide of his uncle; he knew the incestuous second marriage of his mother. Disgusted with the depravity of the court, half-crazed by grief and hidden shame, his life took that melancholy, listless, half-unconscious turn which was necessarily the result of his fits of brooding. Hamlet's early life must have been happy. He had, apparently, bestowed his love upon Ophelia, as she had certainly given her heart to him. But now he knows the unspeakable crimes of his household, and his heart thirsts for vengeance.

The speech of Laertes fits him very well:

"How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with
To hell, allegiance! Vows to blackest devil!
Conscience and death to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand
That both the worlds I give to negligence.
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father."

He cares not for his love; he cares not for his life; only one thing he wants: revenge, as deep and as black as the grief in his soul. He begins to work in a systematic manner, accomplishes his end, and seems to find supreme consolation in his own death.

But what was Hamlet after he had suffered the caresses of the critics? No Englishman surely, but a *Dane*, "who fails to act in any definite line of consistent purpose; neglects what he deems a sacred duty; wastes himself in trifling occupations; descends to the ignoble part of court jester; breaks the heart of a lady he dearly loves; uselessly and recklessly kills her father, with no sign of remorse for the deed; insults a brother's legitimate grief at her grave, and finally goes stumbling to the catastrophe of his death, the most complete failure, in the direction of the avowed purpose of his life, ever recorded."

This is the Hamlet of critics. Now, it seems to me that no man who had not taken up the play with the grim determination that Hamlet should be mad could thus conceive this character. Of course Ophelia exclaims: "O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" But let us not misinterpret her words. Hamlet is playing a part, and his success as *histrion* is evident throughout the entire play.

Surely nobody but a stupid Shakspearian commentator could fail to appreciate the legal tendency of Hamlet's mind. He has seen a ghost (no rare visitor in Shakspeare's day) and the testimony of his senses is corroborated by three witnesses. But, like a true lawyer, he is still incredulous; he still declares:

"I'll have grounds
More relative than this."

Then the players are announced, and the "Murder of Gonzaga" is changed to suit the tragedy of the elder Hamlet's death. Horatio is asked to watch the bearing of the king while the players recite the lines inserted by Hamlet. Claudius is overcome and thus betrays himself. Surely these are "grounds more relative," and only now is Hamlet fully convinced. From his last speech to his faithful friend Horatio, it would seem that Hamlet foresaw the shadows that would linger round his name, for with his last breath he sighs:

"O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story."

M. CAVANAUGH.

"THEY also serve who only stand and wait!"
And if, dear Master, such must be my fate,
Teach me before Thine august will to bow,
And face the future with unruffled brow.

To wait while others serve, to stand aside!
My small beginnings in the dust to hide
Hast Thou decreed? Let me contented be:
Even this poor service may be done for Thee.

The gift I have so prized, it is all Thine:
Thou needest not or work or word of mine.
Patient I bide Thy time, or soon or late;
Thy servant still, though I but stand and wait.

—Angelique De Lande in "Ave Maria."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SECOND year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Our esteemed contemporary, the *Boston Pilot*, appears in a complete new dress of type, which gives additional attractiveness to the pleasing and instructive variety of contents which it provides weekly for its readers. The *Pilot* is one of the oldest and foremost Catholic papers in the country, and the best conducted in all its departments. For years it has held a commanding position in the field of journalism by reason of its timely and able editorials on subjects pertaining to religion and all the great questions of the day, together with interesting correspondence from far and near, instructive literary articles, choice poetry, etc. We wish the *Pilot* many long years of usefulness and prosperity.

We extend our congratulations also to the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee upon its new and improved appearance which gives evidence of the success so deservedly attending its career. It is doing a good and noble work throughout the West in behalf of religion and society, and merits the patronage of a large circle of Catholic readers. Its editorials are well written and instructive, while the other departments of the paper are filled with a variety of useful reading. We hope the *Citizen* will meet with continued success.

Physical Development and Study.

It is certain that there are advantages to be derived from all studies, whether sacred or profane; but these advantages are not equally derived by all; and all studies are not to be taken up without distinction of age, mental and corporal strength, natural disposition, etc. The latter should be taken into serious consideration,

for upon the manner in which they are attended to, much depends.

A less mature person derives greater advantage from simple studies than from those of the more advanced grades; because for such a one the power of understanding must, to a certain degree, be developed by elementary training, growth, and advancement in age. These elementary branches should also be of such a nature as not to give a wrong bias to the understanding, nor to prove detrimental to the moral character: for no study, be it religious or scientific, in which simple truth is assailed or distorted should ever be allowed the young; early errors take deep root, and those who have had but little experience in the knowledge of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, are incapable of guarding themselves against deception.

A person of mature age, whose power of understanding has been adequately developed by primary studies, who has commenced at the very beginning, and gradually advanced in the scale of scientific investigation as he advanced in age, may pursue, without danger to mind or body, studies of a more difficult and abstruse nature, and reap advantage from them. Philosophy may be taken up as a study by him; for by means of his keen intelligence he is capable of discerning between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, where a person less mature might be liable to attach himself to that which is wrong. By studying, and using his judgment between them, he would attach himself more firmly to the truth, which he would the better perceive by the very contrast; for a thing is never so well seen into as when contrasted with something directly the opposite. White, for instance, never appears so bright as when bordering immediately on black; and truth is never sooner discovered than when placed alongside of its opposite, error.

Then, again, we must make a little distinction between strength and weakness, which may be either of mind or body. The strength of the one is the strength of the other, and the weakness of the one the weakness of the other. While a youth possessed of but a weak mind and body would injure himself by pursuing such studies as would overtax his mental powers, another possessed of a strong mind and body could pursue the latter studies not only without detriment, but with all the advantages that could be derived from assiduous application to them. A necessary requisite for every study is *mens sana in corpore sano*—"a sound mind in a sound body." These two are inseparable; one

cannot fully exist without the presence of the other. It is an undeniable fact that severe mental application seriously taxes the strength of the body, which, if not corresponding in strength or endurance to the strain upon it, will inevitably give way. Therefore a person of a sufficiently mature age, and who possesses "a sound mind in a sound body," together with good natural dispositions, may attach himself to any study whatsoever, be it religious, scientific, or dogmatical; while those who lack the necessary bodily strength should confine themselves to such light studies as will not make them invalids for life, or bring them to a premature grave. By careful training, and reasonable mental and bodily exercise, the latter may in time acquire such strength as will enable them not only to encounter the more difficult and taxing studies, but may also become possessed of even greater powers of endurance than those naturally gifted with strength of mind and body. C.

Time Misspent.

We doubt whether there is anyone who cares to lose time. Men, as a rule, would much rather make use of all the hours given them for self-improvement or in advancing their fortunes; yet they cannot but find now and then that they have let many golden moments pass by without any profit. Then, again, there are others who, though they would like to improve themselves, have acquired habits of idleness which they cannot shake off. Indeed idleness has taken such a hold of them that they cannot make the resolution to commence anything. They have given themselves up to dreaming, and pass in reverie the hours which they should give to solid work. They dream of what they would do were certain contingencies to take place, and neglect to act with regard to the present. They dream of honor and glory without doing anything by which it may be attained. They dream of the good which they might accomplish were they endowed with wealth, and neglect to do the good within their power. Away with these dreamers, and those who give way to such reveries and freaks of imagination—they are losing their time.

Then there are other people who are busy at all times, but only with such work as may be agreeable to them. They work at things which do not belong to their state of life. This is not what is demanded of man; the work which he must do is that which his position in life requires, and he who neglects to do this is losing his time. It is not for a student to attend wholly to such

studies as he may find agreeable. There are others which, though they give not the same pleasure to the pupil, are just as important; and if he neglect them he is losing his time and wasting the money of his parents. We have seen such students, who, though they were always at work, neglected that which was most serviceable to them. Others there were who endeavored by cramming at examination time to advance a year, and when they succeeded they had found that the succeeding year's studies were beyond their knowledge to grasp. Too proud to admit their deficiency and take their proper place, they struggled through the year with difficulty, not comprehending one-half of what was taught. They were losing their time.

But these are not the only ways in which time is lost. We not unfrequently see students who do the work required of them in a manner so negligent and imperfect that little or no good comes to them from it. A lesson is hastily skimmed over, an exercise dashed off, and not another thought is given to it. In a day or so he has no knowledge of what he has seen. Everything has vanished from memory, and he has lost his time. Whatever it is necessary to do should be done well. If it is not done properly it were as well to leave it undone, since the labor is thrown away.

Let everyone, then, engage himself in work steadily and faithfully; let the work be such as befits his station in life, and let it be done completely and thoroughly. In this way alone can he improve the fleeting hours, and accomplish good for himself and all with whom he comes in contact. F.

Books and Periodicals.

—*The Art Amateur* for February gives two colored plates, a charming little moonlight landscape and the first of a series of fern designs for china decoration. The black-and-white designs include Easter decorations—lilies and ecclesiastical designs for dossal and banners; a large four-page design for a screen panel, the first of a series representing the seasons; designs for a plate (orchids), two salad-plates, a fish-plate and a Royal Worcester vase, a striking double-page wild-rose design for a carved and perforated panel, and a pleasing tapestry decoration, after Boucher, "The Fountain of Love." The frontispiece is a specially fine "Head of a Creole." The practical articles relate to still life, flower, water-color and tapestry painting, Easter decoration and home adornment. A second useful letter is given, addressed to a young lady who asks if she "can learn

china painting." Amateur photography, for beginners especially, receives great attention. Articles of particular interest are the "Hints from Japanese Homes," Mr. Kunz's talk about jade, the review of the Architectural League's Exhibition "Greta's" Boston Letter, and, of course, "My Note Book."

—One of the most delightful of Susan Coolidge's stories, "Who ate the Queen's Luncheon?" opens the February *Wide Awake*, with a beautiful frontispiece by Garrett. Another short story as singularly humorous, a valentine story, is entitled "The Apple of Discord," and will entertain all the grammar-school boys and girls; it is by Georgiana Washington. "Princess Mayblossom" by Annette Lyster, with its eight pictures, is a dainty fairy story. "Children in Italian Sculpture," by Mabel F. Robinson, is a model art-paper for young people, with interesting pictures. The serial stories by J. T. Trowbridge and Margaret Sydney are very popular for family reading—a genial happy home element pervades both; Phronsie's "dragons" are irresistible. "The Tupper Children" is a short story of the old war-days by Miss A. G. Plympton, full of dash and fun. "Forty-eight Hours a Day" will interest all astronomically-minded young folk and their elders as well. "Nonsense Animals" is very amusing and affords a hint for home-fun of an evening. "An Old-Fashioned Boat" is an interesting chapter in the progress of invention, by Ernest Ingersoll. Mrs. Sallie Joy White in her chapter on "The Use of the Oven" tells how potatoes are baked in the Boston public schools. Mrs. Goddard Orpen gives the history of the famous Spanish crown pearl, the Pelegrina. Prof. Starr, in his geological series, describes some of the gnawings of "The Tooth of Time."

—The frontispiece in the February *St. Nicholas* is a charming drawing by Mary Hallock Foote, having a quaint little remarque upon its margin; Joaquin Miller begins the text of the number with a poem telling how "The Gold that Grew by Shasta Town" was discovered by a little girl. Arlo Bates recounts in verse the glee of Jack Frost over "The Snow Flowers." Then comes Noah Brooks's very timely account of "The White Pasha," telling in a plain and interesting way the thrilling narrative of Stanley's past achievements and probable whereabouts. The paper is illustrated by a striking portrait of the great explorer, and will give many of the older readers of the magazine their first clear idea of the state of affairs in Central Africa. A well-illustrated article upon Japan is contributed by Arthur L. Shumway, and this, with Mr. Alton's explanation of "The Routine of the Republic," makes up the list of the more instructive articles of the number. Of lighter papers we may note "A Modern Middy," by John H. Gibbons, of the Navy, which describes Annapolis from a standpoint differing from that taken by a recent paper in *St. Nicholas* on the same subject. This paper is well supplied with pictures, by Harper

Pennington. "Lassoing a Sea-Lion," by John R. Coryell, is a story of some very enterprising boys who sold a sea-lion to a circus manager; in "A Rose in a Queer Place" Professor Starr shows what beautiful show-pieces are made by the ice-makers in Florida, who freeze flowers, animals, and other objects into huge blocks of clear ice; and the Bunny Family stories are continued, with excellent pictures by Culmer Barnes. Altogether the number is exceedingly varied in its scope, pleasing and instructive in a pleasant way, and, as usual, exceedingly rich in illustrations.

—A remarkable feature of the Mid-Winter *Century* is the opening article on "Gérôme," the famous French artist and trainer of artists. Gérôme, of all contemporary French painters, is best known in this country, not only because of the popularity of his works, but because so many of our leading artists have been trained by him in the free national school, the Beaux Arts, or else generously assisted by private advice and encouragement. Gérôme himself has helped in the preparation of Mrs. Hering's article by permitting the engraving of some of his most interesting pictures, which have not yet been seen in America, as well as some of his studies for pictures. He supplies also a sketch of his own life, and has allowed the use of conversations and letters. Particularly interesting is the frontispiece, which is an engraving of his master's "Napoleon before the Sphinx," a picture which is a special favorite with the artist himself and which remains in his own possession. Supplementary to this article there are published "Open Letters" on Gérôme by well-known American artists. Other specially artistic features of this number are Mr. Cole's engravings from the originals of Simone Memmi, with accompanying articles by Mr. Stillman and Mr. Cole, in the series of "Old Italian Masters"; also the fourth of Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's Pictures of the Far West, "The Orchard Wind-Break." Two leading serial features of the number are sustained in a particularly interesting instalment of the "Life of Lincoln" and a Siberian chapter by George Kennan entitled "Exiles at Irkutsk." In the "Lincoln Life" the authors give an account of the events leading up to the final removal of General McClellan. They fortify their account by citations from MSS. in their possession, and by "the President's own words, taken down at the time they were uttered." The same instalment contains an interesting description of the financial measures in which the President supported Mr. Chase, and a chapter of unsurpassed interest on the relations between the President and Messrs. Seward and Chase. In connection with the story of the resignation of these two secretaries a striking incident is given from the diary of one of the authors. In Mr. Kennan's "Exiles at Irkutsk" some astounding facts are narrated in the line of those already given, and which have attracted the attention of the civilized world.

Personal.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week was the Rev. F. R. Delaney of the Cathedral, Ft. Wayne.

—Prof. John G. Ewing, of the University Faculty, lectured at Kalainazoo, Mich., on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst.

—Mr. P. L. Hardenbergh, of St. Paul, Minn., father of W. Ad. Hardenbergh, '79, died at Baltimore, Md., on the 31st ult. The deceased was a worthy citizen and a true, faithful Christian. The bereaved family have the sincere sympathy of many friends at Notre Dame in their great affliction. May he rest in peace!

—The many friends of Mr. J. A. Ancheta, '86, will read with pleasure the following from the *Silver City* (N. M.) *Enterprise*:

"It is among the probabilities that J. A. Ancheta will be the next Prosecuting Attorney of this district, under the new act, which embraces only the counties of Grant and Sierra. Joe is not ambitious in that line, but his many friends are pushing him for the place. He is both deserving and competent."

—Col. Wm. Hoynes, recent candidate for Congress in this district, was stopping in the city yesterday visiting with friends. The Colonel's defeat has in no way fallen heavily upon him, and he is looking the very picture of health and happiness. He made a gallant race in the recent election, and his record is an honor to him. He has many warm friends, Democrats and Republicans in Michigan City, who will always extend him the warm hand of friendship. He departed last evening for Notre Dame, where he is still engaged as head of the Law department of that great University.—*Michigan City News*.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin was the recipient of a number of congratulatory letters on Wednesday last, the happy anniversary of his birthday. Among those that gave him the greatest pleasure was the following from the gentlemanly editor of the *South Bend Tribune*:

"SOUTH BEND, IND., Feb. 6, 1889.

"VERY REV. FATHER SORIN.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—The older one gets, the more he is inclined to forget his own birthday, for they come all too fast in the later years of a long life. But it is impossible for me to forget that my birthday anniversary is Feb. 6, because it is also yours, and that is a fact I have borne in mind for so many, many years, that I am almost wondering if you are not deceiving the little Minims and 'the rest of mankind' by confessing to be only 76 years instead of—say a full century. Yet, after all, it seems but a short time ago that I was a seven year old boy and scrawled you a congratulatory birthday letter, printed the characters with a pen because I had not yet reached the writing period in my education. No; I cannot honestly believe you are growing old as I look back over those years. True, your hair and beard are silvered, but your heart is as young as when you founded Notre Dame. May it ever be so, as long as life shall last, is the wish of

"Your true friend,

"ALFRED B. MILLER."

—On the 5th inst. Mrs. E. H. Vagnier, for many years a resident of Notre Dame, departed this

life in the 92d year of her age. The deceased was the mother of the Rev. T. L. Vagnier, formerly of the Faculty of the University and now Rector at Earl Park this State. Her life, full of years, was full of merits, and her last moments were the calm, peaceful ending of the present prelude into another and a better life. The funeral took place from the church at Notre Dame on Thursday morning, when a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. Father Vagnier, assisted by Rev. Fathers Stoffel and Morrissey as deacon and subdeacon. The remains were laid to rest in the cemetery at Notre Dame to await the day of the glorious resurrection. May her soul rest in peace!

Local Items.

—Snow *pro maloney*.

—News from the Punjab.

—The "grand opera" will be produced on the 19th inst.

—Mancy Göke is now custodian of keys to the gym.

—Washington's birthday will be the Graduates' day.

—A number of saltatorial exercises will form striking features of the new opera.

—The various societies are busily engaged in electing officers for this session.

—Thanks to Bro. Hilarion, the students enjoyed a few extra hours of rec. on Saturday last.

—"Birdie" worked off a quantity of fresh jokes (?) on unsuspecting friends during the week.

—The entertainment on Washington's birthday will be given under the auspices of the Class of '89.

—The Harvard quartette in a programme of college songs are booked for the last of the month.

—Gentle zephyrs working in scroll the name Dakota tarried in this locality for a few days of this week.

—The Minims return the Rev. President a warm vote of thanks for the recreation granted to them on the 6th.

—The skating rink on the Juniors' campus is a complete success. Excellent skating can be enjoyed at all hours.

—"From the wiles of the orator and the thrusts of the fencer, deliver us!" is the prayer of the pedestrian through the corridors.

—The birthday anniversary of a member of the Class of '89 on Wednesday was the occasion of one of Bro. Leopold's sumptuous "spreads."

—The opera with a grand spectacular scene, in which the unique and startling feat of a human pyramid is accomplished, will be produced positively on the 19th.

—An alleged blizzard struck us on Tuesday

and Wednesday, and most of the boys thought that the reading-room and gymnasium were the best places to stay during recreation time.

—The "Grads" enjoyed a grand sleigh-ride to the "Bend" on Thursday last. They were just in time, for next day a general thaw set in and has put an end to sleighing for some time.

—Since Prof. Lyman's lecture, many have become more fixed in the belief of their abilities as elocutionists, and are devoting time and place to the practice of the art. Take to the woods, boys, where your efforts will not weary anyone.

—The Sorin Hall reading-room was thrown open to the students on Thursday evening. Although not as yet gorgeously furnished and decorated in the Oriental style, it has a rich store of literary matter which is appreciated by the students more than things material.

—RANDOM RHYMES FROM ILLINOIS.

There was an old man in Madras
Who drank Mac Ewan and Bass;
When he couldn't get these,
He ate Limburger cheese,
Which killed the old man from Madras.

—The Juniors are in sight of the "Grand Parisian Dinner" which is to excel anything in that line ever given at Notre Dame. They now number 190. Only ten more wanting and the great festival is secured! Boys, see to it that your ranks are increased by ten before the spring closes.

—At a little entertainment given before a select audience a few days ago, the principal performer requested the loan of a fifty-cent silver piece with which to make an experiment. The request was greeted with uproarious applause as being the best and most humorous feature of the exhibition.

—Perhaps it is best, in order to save the friends of the Lecture Committee any inconvenience, to announce that in the future donations of cigars in return for "annuals" will not be received. This course is rendered necessary by the miscellaneous assortment of variegated weeds in their possession.

—On Wednesday evening, the 6th inst., the election of officers in the Leonine Society of the Seminary resulted as follows: Rev. J. French, C. S. C., President; John Cavanaugh, Vice-President; H. Holden, Recording Secretary; Jos. Hyland, Corresponding Secretary; M. J. O'Connell, 1st Censor; T. A. Crumley, 2d Censor; S. Mayerhoeffer, Sergeant-at-Arms.

—The very graceful way in which some of Very Rev. Father General's friends showed their affectionate remembrance of him on his birthday was in sending him exquisite cut flowers. One of the baskets he sent to the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist to be placed before the Blessed Sacrament. May each flower bring new blessings on the patron of St. Edward's Hall!

—CLASS IN GRAMMAR.—Teacher: "Now, children, I will give you three words—boys, bees

and bears; and I want you to compose a sentence which will include all three words."

Small boy—"I have it."

Teacher: "John, you may give us your sentence."

John—"Boys, bees bare whin they goes in swimmin'."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

—Saturday evening, February 2, the case of Wm. Dowling vs. Jno. Newton was tried in the University Moot-court. Messrs. Albright and Loin appearing for the plaintiff, and for the defense, Messrs. Brewer and O'Hara. The case was well presented by the plaintiff's attorneys, and the jury, after a rather lengthy deliberation, returned a verdict of \$500 for plaintiff. . . . The question of "Woman Suffrage" was the subject for debate on Wednesday evening, February 6, but on account of the numerous speakers the same subject will be continued at the next meeting.

—The members of the Philodemic Literary and Debating Society assembled last Saturday evening to reorganize for the session which has been so happily begun. The election resulted as follows: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., President; V. E. Morrison, Vice-President; Wm. Larkin, Recording Secretary, and T. A. Goebel, Corresponding Secretary. Owing to rare personal qualifications, Wm. Morrison was re-elected Treasurer, and M. Dore, Censor. The Philodemics fully appreciate the importance of society training and the incalculable benefit to be derived therefrom. Their promptness in reorganizing shows a spirit and determination which promise not only to sustain their past reputation but also to keep them among the foremost of the societies of the institution.

—On the evening of the 3d inst., the students were entertained in Washington Hall by Prof. Walter C. Lyman of Chicago, who delivered a very practical and instructive address on the advantages of the study of Elocution. The speaker illustrated with the happy facility and power of expression, which he possesses in such a marked degree, the thoughts that he set before his hearers. He showed how valuable an acquisition the power of correct vocalization would prove itself to one no matter what profession he may follow in life. This address was preliminary to the course which the distinguished Professor is about to open. It awakened great enthusiasm among the boys, and we learn that a large class in this important branch of study has been formed.

—BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL.—On Wednesday, Feb. the 6th inst., Very Rev. Father General Sorin entered on his 76th year. The members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Society have always claimed the privilege of honoring the natal day of their illustrious namesake by an entertainment; and all who were present at this performance say that the Sorins not only honored the occasion but themselves also by the man-

ner in which they played their parts. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

- Birthday Song.....*Lambillotte*
 Vocal Class: H. Mooney, C. Koester, H. Connolly, F. Evers, F. Cornell, F. Wever, L. Minor, W. Foster, C. McCarthy, C. McPhee, H. Durand, P. Stephens, B. Bates, F. Webb, A. Seidensticker, J. Finnerty, D. Goodwillie, F. Roberts, J. Seerey, and V. Washburn.
 Address.....T. Cudahy, C. McPhee, C. Connor
 Piano Solo—"Pleasant Hours".....*Wyman*
 C. Connor.
 Dialogue—"Turned Him Out".....*Fenno*
 M. Elkin, R. Powell.
 Duet—"Blue Bird Schottische".....*Mers*
 H. Durand, F. Cornell.
 Dialogue—"Unwilling Patient," (adapted from) *Molière*
 C. Kaye, M. Elkin, B. Bates.
 Piano Solo—"Carnival de Venice".....*Czerney*
 V. Washburn.
 Song—"Kind Smiles for All".....*Murray*
 Vocal Class.
 Dialogue—"Competing Railroads".....*Fowle*
 F. McDonnell, C. Kaye, C. Koester, R. Powell.
 Duet—"Rifle Gallop".....T. Barbour, L. Downing
 Dialogue—"The Will".....*Fenno*
 M. Elkin, R. Powell, F. Webb, B. Bates.
 Song—"The Swallow Chorus".....Vocal Class

J. Cudahy, by his clear voice and graceful gestures, did justice to his beautiful address which expressed so many good wishes for the beloved Founder; among them that he may be long spared in his present health and vigor; that the new quarter of a century on which he was entering may be as blessed as the passed three-fourths; that he may live to win the centennial race. The singing so much delighted all that Very Rev. Father General, in the course of his speech, repeated the wish so often expressed of having the Minims sing in the church, and addressing the pastor, Rev. Father Granger, he said: "I will not sing High Mass any more in the church until there is a choir built where the princes can sing at my Mass." In his own graceful and affectionate way he thanked all who had taken part in the performance and called upon the Rev. President Walsh for a speech.

In substance the Rev. President said: he knew all were well pleased with the entertainment. It was worthy the occasion, but the Minims had commenced the celebration of Very Rev. Father General's birth-day early in the morning by assisting at Mass, and uniting their prayers with all at Notre Dame that he may be blessed with good health and spared long to direct the Congregation over which God has placed him. The seventy-five years of Father General's life teach many lessons, but he would point out one—the secret of keeping young. Years do not always make a man old, neither does work. Father General is seventy-five years to-day, and no one ever thinks or speaks of him as an old man. When a man has all his faculties as sharp, his step as light, his mind as clear and as capable of adapting itself to circumstances and of grasping new ideas, when he is as sociable and cheerful, when his life is as energetic and enterprising as it was thirty years ago, that man is not old, he is in the vigor of youth, his heart is young.

As the Rev. speaker resumed his seat there must have been but one wish uppermost in every mind, that the picture so correctly drawn of the hero of the feast may remain for long years true to the graceful coloring in which it had just been so beautifully depicted.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Adams, Alvarez, Bunker, Brennan, Bretz, Burns, Burger, Brewer, Barrett, Burke, Beckman, Brelsford, Blackman, Conway, Cassidy, Crooker, S. Campbell, Chacon, G. Cooke, Cusack, Cavanagh, Carney, P. Coady, Chute, Combe, Draper, Dacy, Dore, Dougherty, Dwyer, Davis, Eyanson, Foster, R. Fleming, Fehr, J. Fleming, Finckh, Franklin, Ford, Fitzgerald, Feck, Grange, Goebel, Giblin, Gallardo, F. Galen, J. Galen, Garfias, J. J. Gallagher, J. J. D. Gallagher, Goblen, Hepburn, Houlihan, Healy, Hayes, Herman, M. J. Howard, Hempler, Hoover, Hummer, E. Howard, H. Jewett, F. Kelly, Karasynski, J. Kelly, Kenny, Kohlmann, Knoblauch, Louisell, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, F. Long, E. Larkin, W. Larkin, Landgraff, McNally, McErlain, H. McAlister, Mackey, Madden, McAuliff, J. T. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, W. Meagher, L. Meagher, Melady, H. C. Murphy, Mahorney, Major, K. Newton, Nations, R. Newton, Nester, F. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Donnell, Ohlwine, O'Hara, L. Paquette, Prichard, Prudhomme, C. Paquette, Powers, Robinson, W. C. Roberts, Rothert, Roper, C. S. Roberts, Stewart, Schmitz, J. B. Sullivan, Stephenson, G. Soden, C. Soden, Spencer, Toner, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, C. Youngerman, Zeller, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, Hinkley, Aarons, Adler, Ayer, Berry, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Baltes, Bearinger, Bronson, Bryan, Bradley, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, J. Connors, Case, Cass, Chacon, Collins, Cauthorn, Chute, Crotty, Clendenin, N. Davis, Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, Devine, Dinkel, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, Falvey, C. Fleming, P. Fleming, Frei, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Greene, Goodman, Goodson, Gappinger, P. Healy, R. Healy, J. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Heard, Hennessy, Hahn, Hammond, Ibold, Jewett, Joslyn, Krembs, King, A. Kutsche, Kearns, Lamont, Lenhoff, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, Morrison, Mooney, Mackey, Merz, McCartney, McCarthy, McGrath, McMahon, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, McDonnell, McLeod, F. Neef, A. Neef, Noe, Neal, G. O'Brien, O'Mara, O'Donnell, Populorum, Pecheux, Prichard, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, I. Reinhard, Rose, A. Roth, E. Roth, Rowsey, Sheehan, Schultz, Stanton, Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Shear, Smith, Sachs, Talbot, Tetard, Towne, Thorn, Wright, Walsh, Welch, Weitzel, Wood, Willien, Wilbanks, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Bryan, Bearinger, Brown, Connelly, Cornell, W. Creedon, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Downing, Durand, Doherty, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, Boyle, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, E. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, Eckler, Elder, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Hill, Henneberry, Jonquet, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Koester, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Londoner, Livingston, Lonergan, Lee, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, McDonnell, McDanel, McGuire, Mooney, Montague, C. McCarthy, Miller, W. Marr, Morrison, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Roberts, Seerey, Seidensticker, Stone, Steineman, Stephens, Stange, Thornton, Taylor, Trujillo, Witkowsky, Wever, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wilcox, Wilson, Zengeler.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Thanks are due Miss A. Gordon for favors received.

—On Wednesday last, Mr. Williams gave a Shakspearian recital, much to the instruction and pleasure of all.

—Mr. Maurice F. Egan's next lecture is looked forward to with much pleasure. "Tennyson" is to be his subject this month.

—The Minims, in the name of all the pupils, presented a handsome basket of flowers to Very Rev. Father General on the anniversary of his birthday.

—The names of Miss Annie O'Mara and Miss D. Davis were omitted by mistake from the music list last week. The latter was promoted to first division of the 5th class, and the former to the 6th.

—The Graduates had a sleigh-ride last week which was much enjoyed; the same day the Juniors indulged in the joys of an old-fashioned "candy-pulling," the Seniors in the meantime had all the delights of class.

—Promotions in studies are rare in February; but the semi-annual examinations showed the following pupils deserving of the honor: Misses Dora Spurgeon and Julia Zahm, from the Second to the First Preparatory class; Misses M. Smyth and P. Griffith, from the First Junior to the Second Preparatory class; little Maggie McHugh and Sadie Smyth to the Fourth Reader, and eight of the First Juniors to the Junior Preparatory class in Geography.

The Soiree.

The close of the examinations is always attended with a sense of relief; and the semi-annual entertainment given to mark the end of the first session of the scholastic year seems to breathe a mingled spirit of freedom and resolutions for the opening session. For years this occasion has been a red-letter day at St. Mary's, and has ever called forth the best efforts both musical and literary. 1889 forms no exception to this rule, for on Wednesday, Feb. 6, a programme was prepared and rendered in a manner not to be excelled.

As the concert was complimentary to Very Rev. Father General, in honor of his seventy-sixth birthday, perhaps special pains were taken; but be that as it may, competent judges pronounced the music exceptionally fine. The vocal class showed a degree of culture which promises much for the year's work.

The sleighing chorus with its novel accompaniment of sleigh bells, was well received; the

grand chorus, "Hear my Prayer," was sung with fine effect; the parts ably sustained blended into a whole that filled the hall with the sublime words of pleading. The soloist, Miss K. Gavan, showed her rich voice to advantage in her difficult part, and carried all hearts with her in her cry to heaven. "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth," by the same young lady, was beautifully rendered, as was also the solo by Miss H. Guise, whose sweet, flexible voice shows a high degree of cultivation. Miss M. Rend, in her instrumental solo, as well as in the accompaniments, ably sustained her reputation as a musician of no mean order. Miss Guise, who is following the advanced course of instrumental music, executed Liszt's "Etude de Concert," with fine effect. The literary part of the programme also was indicative of improvement in the languages, composition and elocution.

At the close of the concert, Very Rev. Father General expressed his pleasure at all he had seen and heard, and remarked with delight the evident onward march of St. Mary's pupils each year towards a higher standard in all the beautiful arts. The Rev. President of the University next addressed the young ladies in terms complimentary and encouraging. Rev. Father Zahm, ever the friend of the pupils, also expressed pleasure at the success of the entertainment. There were also present Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau, Saulnier and French; Prof. Liscomb, who spoke with special commendation of the music; Mrs. M. F. Egan, Mrs. and Miss Gregori; Mrs. Atkinson and Miss Byerly, of South Bend. The weather was so severe that it was a compliment to have any one venture out. The Art Department had on exhibition the work of the session, an account of which will be given next week.

Mercy, Nobility's True Badge.

Justice, with eyes blindfolded, holds within her hand a balance, and weighs impartially the deeds of earth—equal the poise, though varied the matters weighed;—and while the crowds jostle round and strive to turn the scales, inexorable she stands. Noble justice! No quality is greater; and the heart that possesses it bears a shield that can never be tarnished by the rust of dishonor; and no virtue is a clearer reflection of the Creator's chief attribute. As we contemplate the picture before us, behold! Justice is about to weigh a man's doings. Into the scale are thrown his ambitions, his pleasures, his ill-got wealth, his misused talents, his deeds of evil; in the other side the little good his life has held. Breathless we gaze as slowly the good is outweighed. Suddenly we perceive a figure in the background, and as it approaches we notice the balance wavers; a gentle hand touches the

light scale, and justice yields to mercy. The proud, stern heart says: "justice should be done"; the noble, generous heart says, "mercy is sweet." While it is absolutely necessary that those in authority should be conscientiously active in rendering justice towards the transgressor, and in providing a punishment for crime, there is not an enlightened person who will not acknowledge the great truth that mercy is the nobler sentiment. The power of the latter is increasing every day, and the world becoming more fitted to submit to its sway.

Of course, for the maintenance of general good, for the preservation of unity among nations, and for the defence of the people, justice must be exercised. Authorities could never obtain submission from those under them without a proper idea of equity; in fact, discipline among any people can only be found where there is a high standard of justice which all must recognize and respect. Inasmuch as this quality tends, in the main, to the general good, it should be considered; but when it may be replaced by mercy and the same result obtained, certainly, should mercy be given the preference. Does not a person derive infinitely more enjoyment from extending mercy to a fellow creature than from even receiving some unexpected favor? Our very act of clemency smoothes many of the asperities of an offender's nature, and disposes him to be compassionate in his turn towards others. It is a fortunate circumstance that few are so hardened by erroneous education, inordinate self-love and mammon worship, but they will be softened by a tale of true mercy, and imbibe from it a desire to go and do likewise. A description of the direst misery may fail to rouse them, when a recital of a free, spontaneous favor shown to the undeserving is sufficient to make them wish that the hand that gave and the heart that melted had been theirs. Many are pitiless, because no pity has ever been extended them. Often when justice must be done and punishment inflicted, the heart hardens itself against all sweet influences, and hopelessness banishes even the memory of joys; then it is that the hand of true fellowship, if extended, is grasped with a fervor that shows the being stirred within, and mercy, that gentle spirit, fans into new life the spark of hope.

Mercy may be exercised in relieving the poor, in alleviating suffering; but it has a humbler office; we may also call it into play when we feel disposed to condemn our neighbor for some real or imaginary wrong: if instead of passing a severe criticism or rash judgment, we put a charitable construction on his actions towards

us, for mercy is a disposition to treat an offender better than he deserves. How many of us could pray as Pope did when he exclaimed:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

For examples of mercy we have only to look to our loving Saviour; His coming on earth, His sojourn among men, His life, His death, all preach mercy eloquently. Listen to His sweet words to Mary Magdalen; hear His whispered "go in peace and sin no more" to the sinner; see His gentle touch as He draws near the sick, the blind. True, He was God, we are but His creatures; yet we should remember that not a tear is shed, nor a sigh heaved, on behalf of the afflicted; not a kind look, nor a mite of charity given that is permitted, even in this world, to go unrewarded.

A spring rises in the desert: in time, vegetation shows signs of life, and an oasis is formed with sheltering shades and refreshing fruits, where formerly nothing could be seen but parched sands and arid waste; so does the well-spring of a merciful and compassionate heart freshen and brighten the selfish wilds around it. Would that many such hearts beat, so that at last the whole Sahara of human society might be made green and fruitful of good!

MARY A. REND (*Class '89*).

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Anson, Ash, Burton, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, Clifford, Currier, Caren, Compagne, M. Coll, J. Connell, Ducey, Davis, Dempsey, Dorsey, N. Dunkin, M. Dunkin, Flannery, Fursman, J. Fox, L. Fox, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, M. Harmes, Hutchinson, Haney, Irwin, Kingsbury, Koopman, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, N. Morse, Marley, McCarthy, Prudhomme, Papin, Piper, Quealey, Reidinger, Robinson, Roberts, Renfrow, Rend, Spurgeon, Sauter, Taylor, Tress, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Wright, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, E. Burns, M. Burns, Campbell, A. Cooper, M. Davis, B. Davis, Daly, E. Dempsey, Dolan, Dreyer, Erpelding, Ernest, Farwell, Griffith, Graves, Göke, Hull, Kahn, Kaspar, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Levy, M. McHugh, Miller, Northam, O'Mara, Patrick, Patier, Pugsley, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, Rinehart, Rose, M. Smyth, J. Smith, Scherrer, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Soper, I. Stapleton, Sweeney, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, Crandall, Griffith, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, Palmer, Papin, Scherrer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.